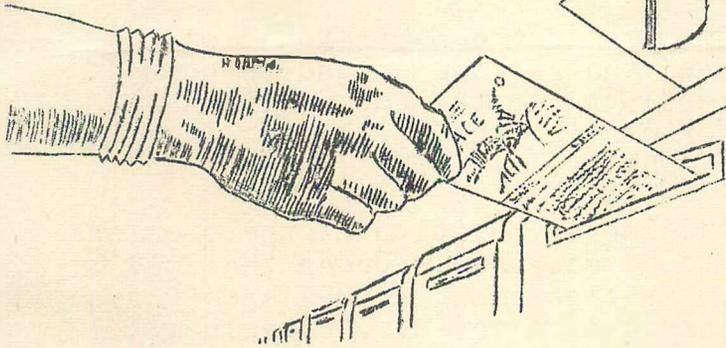


THE MAN' CON --- SEE PAGE 18

SPACE



DIVERSIONS

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES
OF
THE LIVERPOOL S-F SOCIETY
13A ST. VINCENT ST. L'POOL 3
FREE TO ALL MEMBERS
CO-EDITORS:
TOM OWENS & JOHN ROLES
PRODUCED BY:
DAVID GARDNER & NORMAN SHORROCK

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL..... 2

S. - F. PERSONALITIES..... Peter Hamilton Jnr..... 3

SCIENCE-FICTION POLL..... Norman L. Shorrock..... 5

THE DUBIOUS CAREER OF WILLIAM F. TEMPLE..... 6

THANKS TO VINCE..... 8

NEBULA..... Advertisement..... 9

ROUND ROBIN, Part III..... John D. Roles 10

RETROSPECT, Number II..... John D. Roles..... 13

SCIENCE TIT-BITS..... Lewis J. Conway, B.Sc..... 16

THE MANCON..... Liverpool's Report..... 18

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!..... 20

LOCAL AFFAIRS, reported by Tom Owens..... 21

COMICS ? John D. Roles..... 21

HERE and THERE..... David S. Gardner..... 22

LETTER COLUMN and "VARGO" --- APOLOGIES --- 23

POLL Leaflet..... loose

EDITORIAL

'MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL.....'

AS A magazine whose avowed purpose is the furtherance of the more literary forms of S.F., we feel that we are bound to comment on the struggle that is now taking place for the top position in the S.F. field. The chief contestants in this struggle being 'Astounding Science Fiction', and 'Galaxy'.

For more than a decade 'Astounding's' position as the premier Science Fiction magazine was not to be disputed. Under the able guidance of John W. Campbell Jnr., it consistently published yearns that seemed to have everything desired of a top S.F. magazine. Yet now it seems there is something lacking. What that something is, was not generally realised until the publication of 'Galaxy' in October 1950. And yet it had been under our noses since the aSF cover of March 1949 by ALLENJANDRO entitled "Missing Ingredient"!

The above becomes less cryptic on re-reading stories published in 'Galaxy', such as "Mars Child" and "Conditionally Human", amongst others. Harry Gold must be given the credit for finding a place in Science Fiction for humanity's emotion. Unfortunately, some of it crept into an editorial of his where he made a childish and sarcastic attack on an 'unsportsmanlike imitator'. We wonder if "Galaxy" would have been possible without John Campbell's early pioneering, for, make no mistake, the excellence of present day Science Fiction is directly attributable to him.

However, Astounding for July 1952 carried a story by Eric Frank Russell entitled 'I Am Nothing'. Here then was the "missing ingredient"! This type of story, containing warm human emotion should, if included in future issues, do a lot towards putting 'Astounding' in the lead again. Whoever takes the lead, whether Galaxy, aSF, or one of the new healthy competitors which are now being published, one thing is certain: you the reader will be the one to benefit.

The Editors.

SCIENCE-FICTION

PERSONALITIES

INTRODUCING PETER HAMILTON Jr.

AS ONE of the youngest editors of Science-Fiction, my acquaintance with the subject has been comparatively short. During my late childhood and early youth I was confined a great deal to bed with chest trouble and it was during this time that I first met sf. It gave me what I needed most...escape.

Since then I have never looked back. I've gone right on reading sf, though I never got round to (or was able to) take an active part in fandom. Then, earlier this year, after an operation and a preliminary GO at politics, I walked straight into the job of editing NEBULA.

In these last few months I've gained a lot of experience and met a lot of new people, and before going any further, I would like to say that in my opinion, the sf fan is not only more intelligent and clear-thinking than the average mortal, but also the most co-operative, sincere and friendly person I've yet had the goodfortune to meet.

When presented with the job of formulating editorial policy for NEBULA my intentions were to give my readers something different, and not merely a replica of any other British magazine. The inclusion of short stories as well as a full-length novel, the inclusion of completely new talent with each issue, and the inclusion of about seven pages of articles and departments by the leading lights of the fan world, all go, I hope, to make NEBULA substantially different from other British promags. Please don't run away with the idea that NEBULA will contain only amateur authors. On the contrary, I have been fortunate enough to recruit leading authors on both sides of the Atlantic to contribute regularly.

All this is to give you, the fan, something you can look forward to each season, and know you'll enjoy it before you even see it! You see, like Bert Campbell I want to see fandom grow and flourish, and will do all I can to foster that growth. As many of you know we have, in the whole of Scotland only one fan-club, the NEWLANDERS, and its membership is none too large, we have no fanmag, but I hear one is projected, in fact up until a few years ago active fandom here was almost nil. This can be remedied only when the general public find the sheer joy which comes of sf reading, and we are the only people who can reveal that joy to them.

My only regret is that NEBULA is a quarterly, that way it'll take longer for me to develop some of the plans I have in mind

for its improvement.

Although sf is taking up more and more of my time, almost with each passing week; I am still finding time for my other hobbies and pastimes. Chief of these is politics. In fact, before NEBULA was planned I applied for and obtained the post of Organiser for the Scottish Patriots. Since, I've changed my views somewhat, and am working hard in my sparetime now, to found my own political group, the Scottish Progress Party. Don't tell anyone, but if things go as planned my name should be on the nomination lists at the next General Election!

Contrary to expectations my policy does not include the compulsory reading of NEBULA in every British home and the suppression of Nova. Certainly not! I wouldn't dream of suppressing anything!

In case anybody's interested, the things I like (outside sf) are reading astronomy, I've quite a collection of astronomy books and I find them profoundly interesting. Cinemagoing, which started with horror pics (Bela Lugosi etc) but through lack of these has simmered down to a mild form of relaxation, and collecting the results of old General Elections. Chief dislikes are B.E.Ms, un-co-operative distributors and English visitors to Scotland who say "I don't know how you stand this climate." I haven't quite figured out the answer to that one yet).

In the future I hope to see NEBULA survive and gro until it can take its place among the top prozines of the world. I hope to see world-fandom increase in membership and activity. I hope to start writing myself, when I get a little time off, for I have a few moderately original plots in my mind.

It is my belief, however, that the sf world has a much more important future than the survival of any one magazine, club or author. I believe that sf may yet save the Earth and all Humanity. Sf fen, with their greater knowledge of the possibilities of a future atomic or bacterial war, and their greater knowledge of what could be achieved if Earth were free of the pettiness and barbarity which causes all war, have a duty to mankind....a duty to communicate his knowledge and thereby prevent war and seek a means of peaceful construction for the true benefit of humanity. In a world where scientists work on the discovery of space travel; not for the good of the world but for an easier road to its destruction: it is obvious that a section of society which is able to see danger and opportunity in true perspective is very necessary. Such a section is the sf fraternity of which I am proud to belong.

* * *

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YOUR PREFERENCE PLEASE !

A SCIENCE-FICTION & FANTASY POLL.

Conducted on behalf of the Liverpool S/F. Society
by Norman L. Shorrock

With the permission of your editors, I wish to introduce this project to you..... Society Members and Pen in general.

To be quite candid, the idea was born (for the umpteenth time of course) when several members had read an article entitled 'Trends' by Richard Elsbury in 'Quandry' No.12 , in which the writer invited all fanzines to 'have a go'. After having considered this idea for some time, we decided that a British Poll is about due ...
..... here it is !

All that this entails is to write, in order of preference, on the leaflet provided, your

Ten favourite Science-Fiction Stories
ditto Fantasy Stories
ditto Authors
ditto Professional Magazines.

Nothing or no-one barred, serials and series to count as one.
...Old or new, British, U.S. etc, in fact consider the entire field of your experience. Differentiate the first two sections to your own satisfaction (this too should be interesting !)

You will find however, that this is quite a 'tall order', and requires a deal of thought....we know from experience ! and as the society will get the most benefit from this (discussions at the 'Dive' etc) the following 'inducements' are offered :-

1. 'Possible Worlds of Science-Fiction', Groff Conklin Anthology
2. 'A Treasury of Science-Fiction', Groff Conklin Anthology
3. 'The Best S-F Stories 1950', autographed, Bleiler & Dikty.
4. Six 1937 'Astoundings' in mint condition.

These to be given for the nearest correct list in each section, as determined by the final results....these will be published in SD4, or at latest SD5.

Closing date for entries is December 20th.

There will also be a supplementary final for member's entries only, included of course in the main result.

To facilitate the necessary computations, please address leaflets and all relevant correspondence to :-

N. L. Shorrock, 12A Rumford Place, Liverpool 3.
and mark "S.-F. POLL"

YOUR CO-OPERATION WILL BE GREATLY APPRECIATED

PERSONALITIES

THE DUBIOUS CAREER OF WILLIAM P. TEMPLE

BY

HIMSELF.

IT BEGAN with me, as I suppose it did with most of my fan generation, with Verne and Wells. I still think The First Men in the Moon the best of all lunar s-f for atmosphere and descriptive writing. I was 11 when I first read it. At 13, in a school essay, I was confidently predicting that man would reach the moon well before the end of the century and the rocket was the answer. About that time (1927) I happened upon the old Hugo Gernsback large-size AMAZING STORIES. They were pages of sheer wonder to me then. I still have some of them, yellow with age - yellow as the corn I now discover them largely to be. But there were some pearls among them: The Miracle of the Lily, The Ship That Turned Aside, The Gostak and the Doshes. And Others.

At 19 I started writing s-f and fantasy to amuse myself, and in the same year sold my first short story, The Kosso, about a pre-Triffid perambulating and man-murdering tree. It was included in a hard-cover collection of horror stories, THRILLS. Then a s-f story was accepted by Gernsback for WONDER STORIES, which folded just before it was due to appear. With the end of WONDER, there was no real s-f market until Walter Gillings, after a titanic battle with publishers' apathy, brought out the British TALES OF WONDER. I had a story in the second issue and in several subsequent ones. One of them, The Smile of the Sphinx, sought to persuade readers that cats were really visitors from the moon, battenning upon our hospitality. Some people still mi-aow at me, and I got the blame for the cat on the sky-light at the last convention who watered the congregation.

About this time Arthur C. Clarke and I set up a flat in Grays Inn Road, Bloomsbury, and it became an open house for all s-f fans. The Science Fiction Association was running strongly then, there were regular meetings in our flat and plenty of irregular ones. The oddest people used to wander in at all hours of the day and night, from all parts of the country, especially as we were also running

SCIENCE FICTION

the British Interplanetary Society from there (Arthur was Treasurer and I was Editor of the B.I.S. Journal, and our den was the Council Chamber). Later, another fan, Maurice Hanson, came to live with us. He was editor of the then leading British s-f fan-mag, NOVA TERRAE, and we were appointed assistant editors and chained to the duplicator, sometimes, under the whip, still turning its handle at 2 a.m.

By this time I was contributing to American magazines, including the revived AMAZING STORIES. One of my short stories in the latter was called Four-Sided Triangle. People seemed to like it - anyhow, it got a 50-dollar special award for the best-liked short in the issue.

The war clouds which had been gathering over the flat all through our occupation broke into a storm at last, and we had to scatter - in fact, the Army had already absorbed Maurice Hanson. It soon absorbed me, too, but not before I'd got married. Arthur went into the RAF.

On the troopship going out to Egypt I thought of writing a novel to take my mind off things. Willy Ley had opined that the plot of Four-Sided Triangle had been wasted as a short story, and should have been used for a novel. So I began it there and then on the troopship. The MSS. was half-finished when it was lost in a skirmish in the Libyan desert. I started again from the beginning, but progress was slow because the war kept butting in, in the form of the invasion of Sicily and then Italy. But somehow I got the MSS half-finished again before it was lost when my jeep was bogged and shelled on a wet, dark night on the Anzio Beach-head. Third time lucky: I finished it somewhere up in the snowy Alps, with frozen fingers. But the war was over now. And the paper shortage was on, as I found when I came home. It was a long time before a publisher could be persuaded to gamble any paper on a little-known author of s-f.

Meanwhile, I returned to the Stock Exchange, where I worked before the war. I was now the father of two children, and their mouths always seemed to be open, either for yelling or for food, or for both. So to make a little extra I returned to writing for the American s-f mags, appearing in THRILLING WONDER, STARTLING, OTHER WORLDS, WORLDS BEYOND, WEIRD TALES, SUPER SCIENCE, etc., and various anthologies. But it was for money, not love. Somehow, during the war, the will to write had left me. Writing had ceased to be fun: it had become grim, hard work, and I was never overfond of work.

John Long eventually published Four-Sided Triangle here in hard covers, following it with a crime novel of mine, THE DANGEROUS EDGE. Then the American hard-cover edition came out, followed by a GALAXY pocket-book edition. The French edition came out early this year, and the German edition is due at Xmas. A short Spanish edition came out in the Mexican mag., LOS CUENTOS FANTASTICOS. At the time of writing, Exclusive Films are in course of filming the

YOU'LL FIND THEM

ALL

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R O U N D

Part Three. (Considerably revised) by John D. Roles.

BEFORE he had time to integrate his thoughts, momentarily paralysed by this extraordinary discovery, Bunny heard a knock at the door and a man's low voice came through to him from behind the panels.

"Are you there, honey?" it said. "Can I come in?"

And before Bunny could decide what to say or do, the door had opened and the stranger was inside the room.

"Hello there, baby!" greeted the man and grinned from ear to ear as he regarded Bunny's condition.

"Looks like you was expectin' me; though I don't see how you could've been, 'cos I asked for Ruby Caspelli for tonight but she's suddenly been taken ill - caught some weird Martian disease, from an unscreened space bum I guess."

"Anyway," he added slyly. "We might as well start evens, eh?" And, without more ado, he commenced to disrobe.

The situation suddenly resolved itself now. There was no doubt as to what kind of place this was in which he found himself so unfortunately placed. Plainly by the mismanagement of Paddy and the Wolfman again, he had been given the body of the girl whom the Voice had mentioned as being in a similar position to him, in that they had both been born prematurely by three thousand years. Like-wise, he presumed, she would have been given his body. This, more than any other thought he had had before, made him blush furiously and brought him back to his present predicament and his urgent necessity for swift decision.

The way out was not so plain. There were two choices, he realised. He could attempt force on the man and gain time to escape from his clutches and a fate-worse-than-death, or he could attempt the use of some of the powers which The Voice told him he could achieve. Of these two the former must be a last resort. For the moment he would have to place his faith in his own undeveloped powers.

Making his first conscious attempt in this direction, he tried his thought-reading abilities and found that he could perceive the other's emotional impulses to a certain extent, but received no definite thoughts - doubtless he would improve with 3000 years'

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R O B I N

practice. What he did sense in the other man's mind however, made his intentions all too clear - as clear as any definite thought wave could be and Bunny looked hastily round the bed room to see if there was something with which he might cover himself for the time being. His eyes alighted on a garment on the floor by the bed he had just vacated and he crossed the room to get it. It was a filmy, pink wisp of a nightgown and hardly a covering, but Bunny drew it round him as some measure of protection, more psychological than visual he feared, against the leering eyes of the stranger.

Applying his mind again to the subject of escape, he suddenly thought of another power The Voice had mentioned. That of being able to transport his body to any place he wished; provided that he had been there once before and was familiar enough with the surroundings to be able to visualize its reality. But where could he go, so that no-one could witness his materialization from space. Space! That was the idea; he could materialize in a place outside Earth. In that way no-one's fate or future would be influenced by him who was free from all destiny.

Barely had he made his decision when he realized that the man had finished his preparations and was approaching him with a fixed look in his eye and.....

"Here goes!" said Bunny, and vanished from the spot.

.

THE MOON is a lonely place. Now inhabited only by scientists and a few hardy prospectors it had been settled sporadically for thirty or forty years. Bunny had been there once before on a school trip many years ago and had ever since cherished a desire to pay a second visit.

He found himself now, on the peak of one of the highest mountains in the Leibnitz range, clad only in a wisp of pink nothing and exposed to the vacuum state of raw space. Cursing himself for a dim-witted numbskull, his glorious body burst into little pieces which sank slowly back onto the fine dust of the mountainside.

Came to him now in his agony, the words of The Voice. "Be careful," it had told him. "While you will be unable to die, you may find yourself in situations that will cause you great physical pain. Even if you should be cut to pieces, the largest part would grow and eventually become another you. The process though would be extremely painful."

Didn't he know it. How long would this hellish torture last? He had known extreme cold in his lifetime; the cold of the polar wastes, the cold levels of the stratosphere; but never had he felt this before, this utterly desolate cold, this supernal coldness of the very soul. This together with the unbearable torment of being torn to shreds, made him feel he would rather have died. How willingly and eagerly now, would he have exchanged the rosy dream of his promised three thousand years of life for but one moment of respite from this terrible nightmare of pain.

After what seemed aeons of mind-wrecking torture, he found that he could think a little clearer, clear enough to review his predicament.

If his body was growing again from the largest remaining fragment, then his mind must be attached to it. Perhaps he could similarize elsewhere and then endeavour to trace the whereabouts of his own body. Now where on Earth - presuming that she was on Earth - could he find her - or himself? Could he return to the Astral and ask the Voice if it could help him? The Voice had quoted a bit of rhyme as being a clue to his salvation - what was it now?

Where twin moons illumine the night
There you will seek the Troglodyte.
Of him this question ask,
"What was Varno's galactic task?"

Twin moons - that would be Mars, surely? Neptune must also be open for consideration as a possibility, but he would place his bets on Mars for the time being. Perhaps with luck he could get a spaceship going that way, but ships to Mars were infrequent. If necessary he would have to help himself to one and take it to Mars. He was confident he could do it.

THE SPACE-PORT was deserted.

Quiet reigned supreme and Bunny immediately sensed something terribly wrong.

He had similarized just outside the boundaries of the port as a precautionary measure, and approached warily. But now he saw that this had been unnecessary. The place bore every mark of having been deserted and unused for years. The eagle-sharp eyes which had earned him the reputation of the keenest pilot of the US Air Force, noted evidence all around of a hurried departure. There a telephone off its cradle in an office, as though the caller had given a terrible warning and all personnel had fled; in a canteen the remains of half-consumed meals lay as though the diners had run away in desperate haste from some awful menace.

Everything abandoned.

Bunny could think of no reason, nor discover any obvious one, for this desertation. All methods of transport were at hand and had apparently not been used for the flight. There on the field, ready for blast-off, lay the great ships. Seeing no reason why he should not, he walked over to one of the smaller types. It was a model he did not recognise, but it looked about the size a man could pilot solo. He entered the lock and found the control room. Studying the various banks of instruments and dials, he could make nothing of it at all. Perhaps a little experimentation would be best before launching into flight. He pressed a few buttons but little happened apart from a faint low hum from some mechanism inside. He selected a few more switches and fiddled with a large, black graduated dial. Suddenly without warning the humming ceased and a thin sharp smoke came curling out of the works.

"Damn it!" swore Bunny to himself. "Looks like I've busted it. Wouldn't have been much use to me anyway." (cont'd on p.17.)

RETROSPECT

PEEPS INTO THE PAST No. TWO

Conducted by
JOHN D. ROLES

THE TIME MACHINE

THE STORY begins in 1888, when H.G. Wells was a student at the Normal School of Science, South Kensington.

One day, during a discussion by the Schools Debating Society following the reading of a paper - by another student - on the fourth dimension, the germ of a great idea was born. He used this idea for a serial story in the college magazine, "Science Schools Journal", of which he was founder and editor. It was called "The Chronic Argonauts" and appeared in April (No.11), May (No.12), and June (No.13), 1888. Copies of the journal containing this serial are very rare as Wells in 1906 purchased "all the back numbers then with the current editor, as far as they concerned me and destroyed them. I don't think there are any sets left in the world".

This was the first of six quite different versions, each one a deliberate attempt to improve upon its precursor, written over a period of nearly eight years. Four of them were printed.

In this first version, the inventor, Dr. Nebogipfel, as does the more familiar Time Traveller, puts the question: Can an instantaneous cube exist? and proceeds in similar fashion to expound time as the fourth dimension and to assert the possibility of time travel. Otherwise it is quite different from the version we know. Nebogipfel establishes himself in a North Welsh village and his eccentric behaviour causes the superstitious villagers to attack and burn the building. The vicar comes ahead of the mob to warn the inventor; learns of his astounding secret, and escapes with him on the Chronic Argo. Here the story breaks off, though vague references have already made it evident that they travelled far into the future and had strange experiences there.

Wells's ill-health at this point made it impossible to proceed, but in the following year he decided not to continue but to rewrite it and between 1889 and 1892 produced the second and third versions.

In the second, Dr. Nebogipfel and the Rev. Elijah Ulysses Cook still appear, but the scene is the South Downs. They arrive in a future much less changed from our time than that portrayed in "The Time Machine". The upper and lower worlds exist, but their

inhabitants are not yet two distinct species. A scientific aristocracy still survives in a decadent form as a red-robed priesthood, and art and literature are cultivated in a very dilettant manner. The Chronic Argonauts stir up these weary idlers and even make it fashionable to read books. The priests take their visitors to see a vast museum, but themselves grow bored and leave the pair to explore alone, warning them against the passages which lead "down". They go "down" and discover an underworld which works to support the Upper World. Eventually some compunction is aroused among the aristocracy and some kindly disposed persons descend to sing and play to the workers. At this the underworld explodes into revolution, kills them, and rushes up in a mob to carry out a general massacre. In the ensuing panic the Argonauts make for their machine. Cook has become fascinated by Lady Dis, and tries to take her with him, but in the excitement of the escape he discovers that all her beauty is artificial and he flings her off as he climbs into the machine. They travel back but overshoot the mark and are nearly killed by a party of palaeolithic men. When they do hit the 19th century, Nebogipfel drops Cook and vanishes with the machine.

In the third version, Nebogipfel are cut out. There is no such underworld as in the earlier version and "The Time Machine", the future being one in which the ruling class governs by hypnotism. But the end is similar to the previous version. One of the priests determines to put an end to the reign of hypnotism and calls the people to wake. They do wake, kill him and revolt against his fellows.

These last two versions were not published.

Some parts of another version, the fourth, appeared in the National Observer as a series of articles in 1894 (Mar. 17th., 24th., 31st., Apr. 21st., 28th., May 19th., June 23rd.) It was unsigned. This was the first recognisable casting of the familiar story. The landing by the White Sphinx and the descent into the Underworld of the Morlocks (already named thus, although the Eloi were still anonymous), are practically as in the book, but the style was much less finished. In this version he arrives in the year 12,203 A.D., not 802,701 A.D. as in the book, but the setting is the same. It ends very lamely with the Inventor saying "But an end comes. Life is a mere eddy, an episode in the great stream of universal being, just as a man with all his cosmic mind is a mere episode in the story of life --" he stopped abruptly. "There is that kid of mine upstairs crying. He always cries when he wakes up in the dark. If you don't mind, I will just go up and tell him it's all right."

When the National Observer collapsed, the New Review rose to take its place. Wells was offered £100 by the editor to remodel the Observer articles into a connected serial story. This was done in a fortnight of hard work by Wells and in 1894-5, the fifth version, "The Time-Traveller's Story" appeared almost as it stands in the New Review.

This version differs mainly from the book in the opening, which instead of the after dinner scene, consisted of some explanatory paragraphs about the Time Traveller and his weekly gatherings and

also towards the end there is a brief episode which was not reprinted in the book. In this the Time Traveller pauses between the ages of the Eloi and Morlocks and that of the giant crabs and finds a dying world inhabited by the last descendents of Man, "puny greyish things, like half-grown kangaroos" and by great centipedes which prey upon them. "...about three feet high, and had a long segmented body perhaps 30 feet long, with curiously overlapping greenish-black plates. It had a blunty head, with a polygonal arrangement of black spots."

In the final version, Wells's blossoming genius was really evident. He was misleadingly called at the time "the English Jules Verne", but as Edward Shanks, the critic of later years, pointed out truly enough, that whilst Vernian machines, as in "Clipper of the Clouds", called for a "round, thumping act of faith" from the reader and the existence of the machine is asserted, the Wellsian machines "are made to work before our eyes with explanation and description so cunningly applied that the difficulty of believing in them is almost negligible."

Take for example the description of the Time Machine itself.

"This little affair," said the Time Traveller, resting his elbows upon the table and pressing his hands together above the apparatus, "is only a model. It's my plant for a machine to travel through time. You will notice that it looks singularly askew and that there is an odd twinkling appearance about this bar, as though it was in some way unreal." He pointed to the part with his finger. "Also, here is one little white lever and here is another."

The Medical Man got up out of his chair and peered into the thing. "It's beautifully made," he said. "...Would you like to see the Time Machine itself?" asked the Time Traveller. And therewith, taking the lamp in his hand, he led the way down the long, draughty corridor to his laboratory. I remember vividly the flickering light, his queer, broad head in silhouette, the dance of the shadows, how we all followed him, puzzled but incredulous, and how there in the laboratory we beheld a larger edition of the little mechanism we had seen vanish from before our eyes. Parts were of nickle, parts of ivory, parts had certainly been filed or sawn out of rockcrystal. The thing was generally incomplete, but the twisted crystalline bars lay unfinished upon the bench besdie some sheets of drawings, and I took one up for a better look at it. Quartz it seemed to be.

This, as Shanks says, is sleight of hand, the writer's art, and, too, the very stuff of stf. "A machine to travel through time might look like any other machine; but if it were so described we should probably be less ready to believe in its marvellous powers."

With this shining example of a real masterpiece of stf, H.G.Wells set a high standard for the writers of posterity. Has the Master been "out-Wellsed"?

I leave it to you to decide.

SCIENCE TIT-BITS

by

L. J. CONWAY, B.Sc. (Hons.)

This department is not intended as a regular feature in Space Diversions. However if I come across and factual articles which are of interest to Science Fiction Fans in general, I will attempt to write an article on it which will be acceptable by Ye Editors for inclusion.

The first -----

TIME - DISTORTION & NON-MOTOR LEARNING

IN SCIENCE Fiction, this phenomenon of non motor learning has been used in numerous stories as a means of education of the inhabitants of alien planets or occasionally of teaching our hero the language and history of the world he is visiting. In short it is a method of instilling knowledge quickly and easily without the normal labour entailed in this process. The subject is usually rendered unconscious, then by use of ray mechanisms, or by some similar means, the knowledge is transmitted to his memory and on awakening after a relatively short interval of time he 'remembers' the history, language etc., of the civilization.

That this is by no means impossible, or even improbable is illustrated by an article which appeared in "Science" May 2nd, 1952, entitled "Time Distortion in Hypnosis and Non-Motor Learning", by Cooper and Rogers of Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

By "time distortion" is meant a marked difference between the seeming duration of a time interval and its actual duration as measured by the clock. Evidence was presented which indicated that:

1) In especially trained subjects, time sense can be altered to a predetermined degree of hypnotic suggestion. These subjects can have an amount of subjective experience under these conditions, that is more nearly commensurate with the subjective time involved, than with world or absolute time. This activity, although seeming to proceed at a natural rate as far as the subject is concerned, actually takes place with great rapidity relative to world time.

2) The continuity of these experiences during relative time is good.

3) Thought, under time distortion, although apparently proceeding at a normal rate from the subject's point of view,

LIVERPOOL'S REPORT.

THE LIVERPOOL PARTY, numbering nine, arrived at the convention hall at approximately 11 a.m., and after feverishly assembling our own displays (Milcross Book Service and Space Diversions), we found a little time before the commencement of the opening session, to wander round and meet the other Mancon members. Among other displays was Mike Rosenbloom's exhibition of pre-1900 science-fiction, which was very interesting; Peri, Nebula, Fantasy Art Society, O.F. Library, Fantasy Leather and Leeds Science-fiction Society also had stands.

Incidentally we heard a new angle on the finding of club premises, from a Leeds member. One wanders round in search of a hotel with dirty top windows. This means an empty room. Go in and enquire. They'll give it to you. (!) Anyway that's how Leeds got their premises.

Just before the opening session our secretary arrived, having missed the early train. He was just in time to hear the opening address by Dave Cohen, who introduced some of the more well-known fans and pros who were present.

This was followed by Frank Simpson's ingenious lecture on alien life-forms. This was delivered with (almost) complete solemnity 'from notes translated out of the French' (!) and received well deserved applause.

The next item was "Twenty Questions" between N.S.F.C. and Liverpool. This seemed to go very slowly and was interrupted for the lunch break, during which Tom Owens arrived, making our number eleven.

At 2.30 Mike Rosenbloom delivered a very informative talk on the history of Anglo-fandom - after which questions were very well answered by him, assisted by Derek Pickles. Eric Bentcliffe was also on the platform.

At 3.10 John Russell Fearn took the platform (despite earlier rumours that he would not be appearing). This was the highlight of the convention. After giving us a potted autobiography of his writing career, many pertinent questions were asked - and answered with remarkable aplomb! - "Do you plagiarise other stories?" (In principle - No.) - "Do you admit to writing down to your readers?" (Yes.) - "Is the 'Wanderers of Space' based on 'The Man in the Iron Mask'?" (Yes - You are the only one up to now who seems to have noticed it!) - "How many pseudonyms do you use?" (Total fifteen, about eight published - all Vargo Statten's are his, but only one Astron del Martia title by him - 'Trembling World', of the six out. Polton Cross is one of his pseudos., but Thornton Ayre it seems, is not.) - "How long does it take to write a novel?" (40,000 words, average eight days.) - Would write more on the ASF style if publishers in this country could afford to pay ASF rates, but as in his opinion the general science-fiction reading public in Britain is still in the Flash Gordon stage, they cannot do this.

John Russell Fearn was followed by John Brunner who explained the current position regarding Nebula and the trials and tribulations of its nineteen-year-old editor, Peter Hamilton Jnr. The main difficulty it seems is that a distributor cannot be found to circulate it throughout the country.

can take place with great rapidity, relative to world time. Such thought may be superior in certain respects to waking thought.

Thus, apparently, "time" can be given to a hypnotised subject and he can use this time for various mental activities.

Very briefly, the method they used for these experiments was as follows. The same subject was used to compare two methods of learning nonsense material. In one, he employed certain learning techniques while awake, in the other, he employed the same techniques in the hallucinated world, under conditions of time distortion while in the trance state. The material for learning two series of 150 paired letter groups of three letters each. The task was to learn to give correctly, within three secs, the second group in the pair in response to the first group, i.e. CGJ-QXH.

The results of the experiment showed that

- 1) The accuracy of learning was much better in the trance state.
- 2) The clock time required in the trance state was only a fraction of that required in the waking state, although it appeared to the subject that he had plenty of time for study, i.e. his subjective time was more than adequate. This indicates that the learning time could have been even further reduced.

As a logical consequence of these experiments, we may assume that the world of tomorrow will be a much happier place for school children anyway. Education need only occupy one hour per day, or even less, and in that period, children will learn more than we now learn in a week. Homo sapiens may still be homo superior, without the need of mutation as a magic wand.

F I N I S.

(cont'd from p.12)

He made his way back to the lock and stepped out on to the field again.

But —

"Crimson crackers!" he ejaculated. "What in the name of all that's sane is this?" The field he had left on entering this "spaceship" had disappeared and he found himself now in an enormous square surrounded by buildings the like of which he had never seen before. He rubbed his eyes in disbelief, but the buildings remained as solidly as ever.

"Looks like something out of a future science-fiction story." he thought; and it came home to him then that it must be just that. What he had mistaken for a space-ship was a time machine!

He was in a future, far, far distant from his own time.
(to be continued.)

We asked if it would be any use to worry the newsagents and bookstalls with requests for it and John told us it would be a great help. So there you are folks. Give 'em hell until you see it on all the newsstands.

This was followed by a playlet "1966 & All That" written by Frank Simpson. Scene:- Meeting night of the N.S.F.C. in 1966 - record attendance of five members present. This was quite well produced and acted, but the somewhat indistinct reproduction on the "wireless" was a disappointment.

Next, at 4.5 came Fantasy Charades. Fans participating were John Brunner, Derek Pickles, Frank Simpson, Ken Potter and Eric Bentcliffe. Rather feeble, but relieved by the appearance of "the mysterious visitor" (Bill Jesson attired in a suit 'Man from Planet X' style). This, after the great publicity and build-up before the 'con came as something of an anti-climax.

"If you were marooned on an Asteroid" was a short interlude in which Terry Jeeves and Eric Jones divulged the names of the three SF Personalities they would like for company.

On to the auction, which made slow progress before and after the tea break. No-one had 'auctioneer's-throat' due to the fact that there were four in relay. Derek Pickles was undoubtedly the most gifted in this direction, others were Eric Jones and Frank Simpson. Eric Bentcliffe, whose tentacles were inclined to eclipse totally the goods being offered, also assisted.

The buffet tea provided was excellent - future 'con committees please note!

About this time, group photos were taken by a visiting photographer. These are not yet to hand.

The cinema programme consisted of one factual film, "The Atom Bomb" and an amateur SF production, "Black Saturday".

The absence of sound spoilt what was a fairly good performance. The film on the bomb was the best we have seen yet and we should very much have liked to hear a commentary by way of instruction.

"Black Saturday" was definitely an amateur production, but nevertheless enjoyable. Written and directed by John Russell Fearn, who also took a part in the film. The story revolved round a 'cosmic fault' (ever seen a space-warp?) coming into the same sector of space as Earth, inhibiting light. During the ensuing darkness many dirty deeds are done. One scene depicts the villain preparing the heroine for the blackout by causing her to imbibe copious draughts of champagne. One malcontent in the audience thereupon complained "This isn't science fiction" and was immediately silenced by the remark "Brother! There's plenty of science in that".

Considering that the film must have been made on the tag end of a boot-string budget, its virtues far outweighed its faults. One scene, where a henpecked husband gets himself a willing girl-friend during the blackout, was masterly in its undepicted implications. There was also a spaceship that went via the Moon to Mars (which planet incidentally looks remarkably like St. Annes-on-Sea). What it was doing in the picture at all was not too clear.

GENERAL SUMMING UP

The MANCON was a success. In spite of the fact that few fans attended from more distant parts, about eighty attended. Noticeably absent were representatives from London, especially after the many

promises of support made earlier this year at the Loncon.

INTERNATIONAL conventions held outside London cannot be successful as it is obvious that the attendance, particularly of well-known celebrities, would not merit it, which is a view held by most Liverpool fans since the question was raised. Although our sympathies would be for an international convention held somewhere in the Midlands by reasons of convenience etc., logic dictates otherwise.

Finally we wish to compliment the Mancon Committee on their arrangements and programme, (the actual Mancon Program was similar to the Loncon production by the way, and was illustrated with thumbnail sketches. We do think though, that the artist might have sharpened his thumbnail first!) Events ran smoothly, although a few listed items were omitted (Mancon Awards, etc.)

We shall look forward with pleasure to the institution of an ANNUAL MANCON.

Vince Clarke is in the market for any copies of the early fanzine "ZENITH" (c.1942). Can you part with any and help him? If so write and tell him. If you don't know his address:-

A. Vincent Clarke,
16 Wendover Way,
Welling, KENT.

HURRY!

HURRY!

HURRY!

BE SURE YOU GET THE NEXT ISSUE OF SPACE DIVERSIONS which starts a new volume - amongst other things it will have interior illos. by a brilliant new Artist, of whom we prophecy you will be hearing much more: a new, printed, one-piece (front and back) cover: new articles: the next exciting episode of hero Buntington Wigger in the Round Robin: and many other items of fan interest!

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All subscriptions to be sent to:-

N.L. Shorrocks,
12A Rumford Place,
Liverpool 3.

LOCAL AFFAIRS

AN AUCTION was held on the 7th July in aid of general funds. The amount cleared was nearly £7, of which 33 1/3 % went ot swell our coffers. A very merry evening was passed by all, especially by those members who had bought the beer!

On Tuesday, September 16th, a party of eleven members paid a visit to the Futurist cinema to see the revival of that old favourite "King Kong", still remarkably good after sixteen years.

Eight of the intellectuals (!) of the Society made up a party to attend a British Interplanetary Society lecture in Manchester, entitled "The Martian Probe". This varied, it was thought, from slightly abstruse to casually vague. But we considered it well worth having been to. We were glad to see one member of the N.S.F.C. there.

Another auction was held in the Space Dive on September 29th. this time in aid of Space Diversions, in which over £10 was cleared.

When the film, "The Thing" finally came to us in our Northern fastnesses, the Society organised a visit to the "Scala" where it was being shown (for a fortnight). We found, on counting up, over thirty errors and ommissions, not counting deviations from the original story. Further comment -- superflous!

5th October. Liverpool Society visit Mancon - see main report.

Seven of the Society attended and became members of the Liverpool Astronomical Society at its first post-war meeting on 10th October. Matters regarding future activities and polocias were discussed. Two lectures were tentatively arranged for November and December, first one is probably 'Dynamic Space'.

We now hold regular meetings at the Space Dive twice weekly, each and every Monday and Thursday; Monday remaining the 'official' evening.

THE END

COMICS ?

IN A summary of a report on Comic Literature, the Authors World Peace Appeal, Children's Literature Panel, state that over 400,000,000 comics are sold annually in Britain.

Of 75 comics of every kind reviewed, the Panel found only 26 which were without any objection at all. Amongst those of interest to us are Comet, Eagle, and Lion. Roy Rodgers, Beano and the Rainbow type are also included in this "No Objection" group. (A similar American committee pronounces Roy Rodgers as "Objectionable"!) Amongst the 26 with "Some Objection" are Tarzan, Capt. Marvel, and Superman, with the rest mostly Westerns. Most of those under "Objectionable" are Crime comics; other are Batman, Jungle, Airboy, Capt. Video, Saint. The eight choicest singled out for the classification "VERY OBJECTIONABLE" are Battle Stories, Down with Crime, Eerie, Manhunt, Out Of This World, Perfect Crime, Planet Unusual Comics, half of which are the very ones young fen would choose for their reading!

HERE AND THERE

We hope to make this department a regular feature of SPACE DIVERSIONS, but, we have to rely on the fans to keep it going. If you have any odd bits of news about your Club or Society that you would like to be known - let us know. In fact, let us have anything of interest that comes to your ears and we will certainly attempt to make room for it in 'HERE AND THERE'. The person to contact is:- Dave Gardner, 63 Island Road, Liverpool, 19., Lancs.

From here and there come your first news items.

LEEDS. Fen in the Leeds area who do not know of the LEEDS SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION here is your chance to learn about it. The place of meeting is the ADELPHI HOTEL, LEEDS BRIDGE, LEEDS 1. Meetings are held at the above hotel on Wednesday and Sunday evenings 7-30 to 10p.m. The organisation officially opened on Wednesday the 8th October. We hear that the members are considering the publication of a fanzine and we wish them good meetings and stacks of material for their mag.

LONDON. AUTHENTIC SCIENCE FICTION now has a new editor. Bert Campbell has just been promoted to that post from the position of Technical Editor. (Congrats. Bert) Starting with the January 1953 issue the following changes will take place:-

The increase in pages (16 as from the October issue) will be retained.

Better paper will be used and at least three half-tone illos will be used interiorly.

In addition to the long story, there will be a short story of about 5,000 words and a serial instalment of about the same length. Present features will be continued.

Previous contributors to Authentic will not be used for the main story, but they may occasionally contribute a short. Popular authors from both sides of the Atlantic will be on the contents page.

Authentic will no longer insist upon purchasing entire copyright of stories. First (or second) British serial rights are all that are required.

Payment by arrangement, but much higher than formerly.

Remains at 1/6 per copy and it is available to subscribers post free. So if you want to read good sf by good authors why not take out a subscription to Authentic, as we said: post free. you can't complain at that and it will show that we have confidence in the editor and the magazine.

LIVERPOOL. Tom Owen's article 'THE ATOM BOMB' published in our last issue has been bought by Carnell for NEW WORLDS in a revised & longer version. Dave Gardner has had a short story 'MR. UDELL' accepted by NEBULA SCIENCE FICTION - Tom and Dave both hope that this is the start to a writing career - only time will tell!

LETTER COLUMN

We hope that this issue will bring forth some critical and/or controversial letters, as number two did not, we are omitting 'Lines from Letters' for this time. (We did receive a few, from Editors Campbell, Carnell etc., but all were of pure egoboo content, towards S.D.)

Let us hear from you this time.

For those of you who may have missed "Vargo" in this issue.....our apologies. Mr Espley did not submit any material in time for publication.

DON'T FORGET TO POST YOUR ENTRY FOR THE POLL !

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